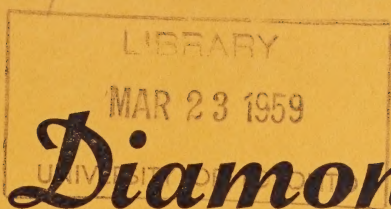


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C. B. Diamond

February, 1959



THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON CBE, VD, QC, LLD, Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.

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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bar sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

PRINTING INSTRUCTORS

Mr. L. D. Cook

Mr. A. A. Slack

CENSUS

Total Population	465	Received	26
High Number	5173	Discharged:	
Low Number	3646	By Expiry	17
Transfers (To Other Institutions) ..	1	By Ticket-of-Leave	4
		At Large	1

Collin's Bay **DIAMOND**

& February &

Contents

ARTICLE	PAGE
Editorial	2
Sports Quiz	5
An Open Letter	6
Guest Editorial	7
It's Up To You	8
The Barred Bards	11
Show Business	14
Innocent Partners	16
The Jovial Jester	18
The Music Box	20
Penology, Reformation, and Rehabilitation	22
Red Cross Blood Bank	23
An Inmate's Viewpoint	24
John Howard Society	26
Quotes From The Daily Press	29
Our Monthly Reprint	34
The Penal Press Says	37
The Last Word	39

Editorial

I AM THE PENAL PRESS

I am the Penal Press. . . that unpretentious, sometimes unpolished and untidy but, nevertheless, purposeful implement, homespun ambassador of goodwill and silent promoter of cordial relations. I attempt to speak to the masses in behalf of the man and youth locked up in prison. I am their appointed agent. I am their messenger. I am the Penal Press.

It might be that, if one were to read into, between, and beyond the lines of my working parts and chassis, one could detect a story of pluck and firm resolve. It might just be. For, even in a segregated and unavoidable environment of degradation, punishment, bitter hates, friction, conflict, deterioration, and curtailment, I have managed, somehow, to survive and to hold sway. Even despite these frustrations.

In undertones and in overtones, abstractly, absurdly, satirically, clumsily, dexterously, and brusquely, I exude shortcomings, weaknesses, inconsistencies and censorship. Still and all, I continue, you see, to serve my people, and I arise and shake myself scornfully, each quarter, each month, or each week, and I remain steadfastly forceful, grim, elementary, laughable, abridged, enlarged, pitiable, modified, better, or stupid. But I am there. I am in there pitching. . . all the way.

I grant that a little, some, the lion's share, or all of my contents, during the preparatory stages, could have been dissected, adjusted or vetted, to suit the dictates of custom, eloquence, nicety, or euphony. This I grant.

I admit. . . for what would be the use of denying it? . . . even supposing it were permissible, I might not always consider it practicable nor wholesome to record the plain truth attending the scabby rigours and the festering perplexities of imprisonment. In defence of my policy, I offer this alibi: One does not tell one's wife or mother, stricken with inoperative and incurable carcinoma of the cervix, that she will die, agonizingly, of cancer, does one? I admit this.

But let no uncertainty linger, on one particular score, in any of my readers' minds. There is a reasonable degree, or, shall I say, a type or form of acceptable and unchallengeable, bedrock truth coursing through my veins. Certainly there is.

So what of it? What prompted me to break out, like the strawberry rash of scarlet fever, with this flamboyant array of modifiers, ambiguities and figures of speech? What, indeed?

Well, I was just sitting. . . "nestles" might be more satisfactory. . . amongst the files in the editorial offices of the only one of my number in the whole, wide world. . . in all likelihood, that is. . . where staff and visitors alike were obliged, until recently, to remove their footwear, prior to venturing across the threshold. (I must remember to chalk that distinction up, one of these fine days, as another "first", opposite "C.B. Diamond") As I say, I was just resting. . . minding my own business. Anyway, the riot of colours from my associates on the shelves prompted me to shrug off the somewhat alarming thought that, at long last, by makers were "stymies" for editorial subject matter for this edition. Some riot!

I watched my superiors stop, ponder, and calculate. Good heavens! Or should I have said "Heavens to Betsy!"? Anyhow, they frowned, muttering something about the fact there exists a hundred and thirty-seven other penal publications similar to me. There might be more than that, but that's the number they counted. I checked, and I know. I saw my superiors frowning too.

A tribute. That was the "ticket". My "boss" would write a citation, embracing everyone of my buddies. Wouldn't that be something? A tribute, modest and ungainly, maybe, but unmistakably a tribute. And this is it. And I have been "Conned" into accommodating and pronouncing the tribute. And am I ever proud! Believe me, I am.

I think of the heroic contribution being made to the cause of the prisoner by all of my friends on the Penal Press Circuit. I see here a simple mimeographed relative from a boys' industrial school in a southern state of the U.S.A. And I spy, with my beady eye, a colourful cover from far-off Hawaii. And I admire the great literary achievement from an American penitentiary. And I examine a story in photographs from two prisons for adults—one for males and the other for females. And I scan the staid dignity of a Canadian brother. And I see lots of others. And I think the whole business is a pretty heroic contribution.

I am dedicated, you see. I am working for the prisoner. I am produced in a battle with time and against all sorts of odds and barriers. I am waging a strenuous paper war. As I have said, I am dedicated.

I am progressing, too. I am softening resistance. I am slightly, partially, or wholly convincing the man in the street that prisoners are people. Hear that? That prisoners are people. That they are human beings. I am harmoniously conjoined with my fellow, in a sense, against the inroads of ugly, ignoble, ruthless misrepresentation by the radio, moving pictures, pulp magazines, crime romances, shoddy fiction, and the daily press. I'm glad that I'm progressive.

And I am eager. And I am succeeding, more or less. I am reaching out. I am overcoming and overthrowing arbitrary bias. I am seeking and asking for friends, encouragement, and patronage. I am slowly but surely succeeding.

I am San Quentin, Folsom, Dorchester, Walla Walla, Stony Mountain, Jackson, Leavenworth, Draper, Lincoln, Anamosa, Mississippi, New Westminster, Stelacoom, Rockwell, Menard, Sioux City Falls, Columbus, El Reno, Honolulu, Prince Albert, St. Vincent, Lewisburg, Chino, Fort Madison, Stillwater, Raiford, Texarkana, Shakopee, St. Cloud, Guelph, New Cumberland, Brampton, Burwash, Stonewall Jackson, Seagoville, Jefferson City, Reidsville, Elmira, Brantford, Terre Haute, Nashville, Joliet, Concord, Lumpoc, Mimico, Tallahassee, Sing Sing, and Marquette, and I am host of others. I am no mirage. . . no phantom. . . no hallucination. I am optimistic. I am sinewy. I am strong. I am the Penal Press.

And as the flare and the glare and the fury increase, and as the "Psychological warefare" rages relentlessly, I pause to think of a man named John McCrae, a padre. And as the fire bursts into rampant flame once more, I remember, and I am reminded of John McCrae's immortal words:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe".

But I must stop. . . right here. I have no right to continue. As composed, the remainder of those deathless stanzas are hardly applicable to my case. And I cannot bring myself to paraphrase or parody such a gem. 'Twould be a sin, would it not? A blot. A stain. And if it were left in its present form, it would be wrong. . . don't you see that it would be wrong? . . . for I don't deserve for my principals the same hearing as do those heroes that sleep beneath the poppies and the white crosses, far, far, away. So I must stop.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe", said Padre McCrae. Hmm . . mine isn't a quarrel, really. And there is no "foe" of the kind that battles with a soldier. Let me see whether those immortal words can be adapted. How would this be: "TAKE UP MY CAUSE WITH THE UNENLIGHTENED"?

Kind of "corny", eh? Well, I can't say I blame you for thinking so. Stupid, and awkward, and impudent, and anticipatory, and imprudent. "Corny" is right. But it'll just have to do. I'm running out of ideas. I can't think of a single appropriate alternative. The sun's going down in the distant west. The sands of time are sinking. I have to ask you, if you will, to accept my adaptation. To take up my cause with the unenlightened. It's the way I know.

I am the Penal Press, and I am dedicated. I am diffusing light. I am shaking tradition. I am crossing swords with injustice. I am opposing prejudice. I am radiating jocularity. I am stimulating plain and fancy dreams. I am the Penal Press. . . that's me.

And I say that EVERY man. . . EVERY man, mark you. . . for whom I toil. . . irrespective of his role as prisoner, secure behind walls and bars. . . wants to be loved and wants to be wanted. And I say that every man whom I represent wants to be important, to and of himself, and in the eyes of others. And I say that every man that has nominated me as his agent wants to be trusted. And I say that in all humanity. . . amongst ALL men. . . there is SOME good. I say these things of every man. And I say that the worst men can, in some measure, compete with the good, the better and the best. And I . . . the Penal Press. . . am helping to light the way. I am illuminating. I am contesting. I am combatting. I am solving. I am shedding. I am contesting. I am inviting. I am portraying. I am acting. All for the worst. . . for the worst. . . for the very worst. . . of all.

Yes, I am the Penal Press, all right. And I am a proud agent, although I may be at one and the same time ashamed and humble. To my principals, I am a bit of an angel in disguise. I am a means to an end.

For I believe that every man for whom I work has a soul. And I believe that, where there is a soul, there is one of God's children. And they whom I serve are ALL God's children. I can prove it. Not by what they have done but because each and every one of them has hopes. And, in my small way, I try to help rebuild faith by propagating hope. For I know, in my heart, that hope springs eternal in the human breast.

I am the Penal Press, and it is my duty to percolate, to infiltrate, to exhort, to improve, to imprat, and to deprecate. I am the servant of the prisoner. I am his mouthpiece.

I can be bound. I can be ground. I can be burned with fire. My ashes can be cast into the sea. But I shall awake. And I shall aspire. And I shall live on, some way and some how, to see that people are made to see. "I saw how the man who was blind from birth, in a moment was made to see. . . .". Remember?

And I may work in a mysterious way, my duties to perform, but I am always willing. And I am ever ready. And I am always prepared.

Of some I have been, I am, and I will be despised and rejected. But I am not going to faint, nor do I fear, for I am familiar with sorrows and acquainted with grief. And I shall not hide my face.

Nor can I be crucified, nor nailed to a tree, as was a certain Man, when the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill in the long ago. For, though I pulsate and speak, yet am I inanimate. And that which is inanimate can never die.

And. . . mark this thing well. . . should I have been the instrument for the conversion of but a solitary misled or misinformed person beyond prison gates

and beyond the high concrete walls, my existence shall have been proved worth
while. . .and worth the sweat. . .and worth the pertinacity.

And I will register a victory, some day, though there be no flourishing of
rumpets, and though there be no thundering ovation.

So I will do my best to be faithful to these men. For they are all God's
children. . .and all of them have souls . . .and all of them have hopes.

And I consider it tribute enough that I have been chosen to serve the men
and the youths that are in prison.

For I am the Penal Press . . . and my job is to serve.



SPORTS QUIZ

by Buck B.

If you score 11 or better you're a pro, 7 to 10 a good amateur, but if you
get 6 or under, then I suggest you pay more attention to the sports pages.

1. What two teams played in the first world series?
2. Name the youngest boxer to win the heavyweight crown?
3. The biggest gate in boxing history was. . .?
4. Name the pitcher that won the most games in baseball history?
5. What boxer won 62 pro fights in a row before losing one?
6. Where was the first auto race held? England, America, France.
7. Who did Joe Louis defend his title against for the first time?
8. Which was the last team to win 20 or more straight games in the Major League?
9. In what country did golf originate: Holland, Scotland, England or Italy?
10. What was the name of the first professional baseball club?
11. Who were the first boxers to wear regulation gloves?
12. What player scored the winning goal in overtime in the seventh game of the 1949-50 Stanley Cup play-off between Detroit and New York?
13. Who was the rookies of the year in the American League in 1954?
14. Rocky Marciano was undefeated as a professional fighter but he was defeated in the Golden Gloves Tournament in 1948; by whom?
15. Warning: This one is very tricky. The batter hits a home run with the bases full, yet not a man scores. How come?

ANSWERS—

1. Boston, A.L., vs. Pittsburgh, N.L.
2. Floyd Patterson.
3. \$2,658,660.00
4. Cy Young.
5. Willie Pep.
6. Paris, France.
7. Tommy Farr - 1937.
8. The Chicago Cubs won 21 consecutive games in 1935.
9. Holland.
10. Cincinnati Red Stockings.
11. John L. Sullivan and J. J. Corbett.
12. Pete Babando.
13. Bob Grim.
14. Coley Wallace.
15. Because it was an all girl team.

AN OPEN LETTER TO:

Mr. Bas Foster
Promotion Manager, C.K.E.Y.
Don Mills Road,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Bas:

We wish to express our sincere thanks for your gift of thirty current records. You may be assured that they will get plenty of use for we have our weekly institutional request program along with the old record sessions every day and it's mainly through kindness of folks like yourself that we are enabled to keep our Record Library up to date.

If in the future you are ever in our vicinity, and by obtaining permission through the Warden, we would deem it a great honour if you could drop into our humble abode and look over our radio set-up — we are very proud of it.

Once again we say—Thank you—
Bas.

Yours sincerely,
The Inmate Population,
COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY

Guest Editorial - - -

Too Many Discards

By Chales A. Ward,, President — Brown and Bigelow—via Agricola

Convicts are often regarded as society's discards in the game of life. I know. I was a convict. But I made the decision. I vowed, the minute I went behind bars, that I would not be discarded, no matter what the deal was.

In my cell, I took an honest inventory of myself, my situation, my past—and a long look through the bars at my future. I had always been a believer, so I knew I needed help. I needed help from only one source. That source gave me the faith which was the only thing I had to help me get back into the game on the square.

I began to study. I had finished high school, but I started to "crack the books". As a result, today I am a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers—and I learned my trade in prison. That education helped me from being discarded again.

Being a convict was a lot easier than being an ex-convict, I found out on leaving prison. A lot of people believe that a term in prison damages a person beyond reclamation. They won't let you forget, and they won't let your children forget. They carry on long after the debt is paid.

In the past 25 years, enlightened prison management, prodded by a reviving social conscience, has begun to treat wards as human beings. Rehabilitation has become a watchword for many prison authorities, and I believe it is paying off.

In a sense I was ahead of the penologists. Because I know what a convict undergoes, I am able to sympathize with them. Because I can sympathize with convicts, I can feel for every other man and woman in the world who faces discouragement and hunger. I have helped thousands of people — ex-convicts and those who were prisoners of their own inadequacies. Those who never saw a prison are in the vast majority — the self-made captives of this world.

Understand this. I have no faith in convicts, as convicts. I do have faith in people — in all people, in every stratum of society. I believe that every man and woman fits into the game somewhere.

One of my "ace" prison graduates wrote in his prison magazine long ago: "There's only one thing the matter with cons — they come from the outside!" That's what I found them to be, "outsiders" in trouble, with most of them praying and hoping to be picked from the discard pile and returned to the deck of respectability.

I never preach. It's a lot easier for me to try and practice what Christianity — what every faith — teaches. It saves time and gets results — miraculous results that bring the greatest satisfaction of helping people to help themselves.



It's Up To You

by W. W. Brown

In this brief account I, as a confirmed recidivist, will try to express my opinions which, I am sure, is the same as most of my fellow inmates.

First: What is a convict? In a dictionary the definition of a convict is — one who has been proven guilty of a criminal act or offence.

However, ask some people this question and they will tell you that a convict is somebody to stay away from.

On the other hand there are people, with some knowledge of prison, who will likely try to explain to you that we are people, human beings just like anybody else. The only difference being we are paying a debt to society for a wrong we have done.

Second: Why am I a convict? Well, that's very simple. I violated the laws of society, consequently I was arrested by the police and brought before a magistrate who, in turn, sentenced me to two years in a penitentiary. This was the transformation — citizen to convict.

Third: Why do we commit these crimes? This isn't an easy question to answer. The reasons are as numerous as the people that commit them. Professional men and women who specialize in penology and psychiatry have been studying this for years and as far as I know, still haven't come up with a positive answer.

I very readily admit, as do most of us, that we have done wrong and must pay for it. But, you can be assured, we have no liking for this kind of life and all of us have hopes and concrete desires to better ourselves and become solid citizens when we leave here. Some of us have families who are waiting, and have faith in us.

Others, like myself, have had our family life broken up because of our stay here. I admit, as do most of the fellows who have had this misfortune, that we ourselves are mostly to blame, but we still feel discouraged and downhearted.

When we leave here we face many handicaps that are not realized by the

people on the outside. Handicaps caused by a misinformed society. Handicaps that create recidivism.

On applying for employment, we have a big decision to make. Should we explain to the employer we just came out of prison and have no references or work record, or explain our past omitting the convictions and prison sentences?

I find that if I explain to the employer about my record he will very politely ask me to "leave my telephone number and he will call me if anything turns up", and that's the last I hear from him.

On the other hand if I don't inform the employer of my record he will probably find out, through other sources, before long and my job will be finished.

This procedure continues until eventually most of us are back in the penitentiary. This time we feel very hostile towards society.

Another serious problem, when we leave here, is the fact that the majority of us have a suit on our backs and approximately \$20.00 in our pocket. This is where the rehabilitation plan fails us. We are taught various trades, etc., but we are not taught the method of stretching \$20.00 far enough to purchase work clothes, tools for our trade, pay for two to four weeks room and board in advance car-fare, and pocket money until we get our first cheque which is usually

Now if anybody can tell us how to do this, please let us know, we would be held back for two weeks.

appreciate hearing from you.

This is not all hearsay, because I am speaking from personal experience as this is my fourth bit as it is called. I have encountered all these conditions, and up till now, as you can see, I have failed to hurdle the barriers.

My first trip was a short one for a teenage prank that backfired. The second bit was a little longer and I will say I deserved what I got. At that time I was associating with company I had met in jail and through them, alcohol, and some badly twisted thinking, it wasn't long before I found myself inside looking out again. When this happened I began to do some sensible thinking and it was then that I resolved to quit my life of crime.

In Alberta, where this took place, you are released from the penitentiary with exactly what you came in with, in my case, the clothes on my back and three cents in my pocket.

I was released in the latter part of November with the three cents in my pocket, no job, and two thousand miles from my home in Ontario. I applied for work, but jobs were as scarce as palm trees in the middle of the Arctic.

To survive it was mostly a case of beg borrow or steal. I never did have the nerve to beg and there was nobody I knew, out there, to borrow from, so as can be expected, I chose the path of least resistance. As I fully expected, it wasn't long before "John Law" had me tucked away again where I was given free room and board.

After that term I managed to get a job and worked steadily for over a year, during which time I got married. Everything was going fine until just before Christmas when a policeman, looking through his files happened to see a record file with a very nice photograph of me pasted on it. And, of course, this fellow being an obliging chap, and also a friend of my employer, showed him the record.

The next morning when I went to work my employer informed me that his firm could get along very well without my services.

Some people will say I should have told him about my record before he hired me. But if I had I wouldn't have been hired. This way, I at least worked for one year. Yes, one year, a year of proving myself on my own merits, a year of hard work. A year of being praised by my employer who showed his appreciation through several substantial raises. Yet, because my picture was on a re-

cord file at the police station, he dismissed me.

It wasn't long before my wife and I were blessed with a daughter, then our savings account was soon exhausted, so we moved back to Ontario to see if I could get employment around home. As expected, there was no work to be had, especially for an "ex-con".

Not being in the community for a period of one year, we were unable to apply for relief, and my parents were barely able to support themselves, let alone support my family. The consequences are, as you can see, I am back in the penitentiary.

Since I have been here my wife has become discouraged and left me, and the Children's Aid Society have custody of my daughter. Although this has disheartened me very much, it also makes me that much more determined to straighten out.

This is only my story, but if you were to hear them all, you would find the majority of the recidivists follow a similar pattern.

During the last few years various penal institutions have inaugurated educational as well as vocational courses. There are also outside organizations trying to assist us when we leave here. These institutions and organizations, although limited and still in the experimental stages are having the satisfaction of accomplishing some good results.

However, these sources alone cannot rehabilitate a person. We must have an honest desire to be a better person (which most of us have) but, most important of all, society must be willing to accept us.

It is up to you *society*, to help and prevent us from coming back. We need your help through employment. Without your help we are being forced back to a life of crime.

The next time an "ex-con" applies for employment, remember, he is coming to you, for help. As a member of society it's up to you, are you going to help him or force him back to a life of crime?

* * * * * * * * * *

TRUE LOVE

Aw, come on honey, give me a kiss. Don't be shy. You aren't? Then kiss me. What? You want to get married for one kiss? So okay, I'll marry you. Now kiss me. You want a ring too? Say, whats with you? Are you nuts or something? Hey now, don't start crying. Now what makes you say that? Sure I love you. Didn't I walk you home? Well, that proves I love you. Hey! where you going? Don't go in yet. Talk to me for awhile. You say its late? It's only three o'clock. I know its morning but. . . don't ever leave me baby doll. Let's talk about our future, yours and mine. Tomorrow? But lover doll, I might not see you again!

Don McIntrye

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Uncle Ed, on relief and employed on a Vermont highway project, complained to the foreman that he wanted a shovel. The foreman told him not to worry about having a shovel, that he'd get paid anyway. "But I want a shovel," insisted Uncle Ed. "Everybody but me's sunthin' to lean on."



The Barred Bards



THE THOUSANDTH MAN — (Rudyard Kipling)

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks, or your acts or your glory,
But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more shame
Than he uses yours for his spendings;
And laugh and mention it just the same
As though there had been no lendings.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all,
Because you can show him your feelings!

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight —
With that for your only reason.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame of mocking laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallow-foot — and after!

Submitted by D. Duff, Alberta

A NUMBER FOR A NAME

He lost his birthright and his rep,
His pride and one-time welcome step.
He lost his name at the prison gate
When he entered to meet his fate.

He lost the twinkle in his eye —
The cherished hours to linger by,
A woodland stream where he could feel
The speckled "beauts" that graced his creel,
He lost his tread when lovers meet,
And on a rose-banked country lane
He lost a heart, that grieves with pain.

He lost the right of hallowed spire
Where meet the friends one should acquire,
But most of all, he lost indeed —
The touch of God that Mortals need.

And tho' his loss is hard to bear,
Never, will it quite compare
To his Mom's, who thru his sin
Lost a son when he checked in.

G. Hubbard

BUT ONLY SEE

If I could but only see,
The fading leaves upon the trees,
The falling snow upon the ground
As winter slowly comes around.
But this I know can never be,
Lord I pray, please let me see.

I can but only dream,
Of melting snow and rushing streams,
And the buds in bloom again.
Summer's roses wavering in the lane,
Butterflies settling upon the leaves,
If I could, but only see.

I'd give the world, if it were mine,
If only I could turn back the time.
I'd turn it back upon the years,
That were happy without tears.
But only darkness shall I see,

For I am really blind, you see.

P. Crosby

A WEEK OF POEMS

Sunday

Don't let worry and care depress you
Or brush the day's joy away,
But rise and give thanks to God above
For His love and another "Blest Day"!

Monday

Look for a smile today,
And return it with one of your own;
Give someone new faith and hope,
It's such a beautiful loan!

Tuesday

Gather a thought that's kind,
One that's sincere and deep,
But be sure to pass it along
For such are too precious to keep!

Wednesday

Forget yesterday's old sorrows,
Mistakes, sadness, and pain,
Lift your heart with hope and sing
As flowers, to sun and rain!

Thursday

Offer a word of comfort and prayers,
To help someone in need.
A thoughtful gift, flowers, or a smile
Make us all rich indeed!

Friday

You shall not pass this way again,
So do any good you may do;
Don't put it off till tomorrow,
Or the chance may be lost for you!

Saturday

Today will soon be a memory,
So don't let it come to an end
Without a smile, without a song,
Or just a word with a friend!

Submitted by Mrs. E. Duff, Corinth, Ont.

SHOW BUSINESS

by Joe, Al, Buck

December 14 — On The Stage

Buddy Guilfoyle of CKLC, an old favourite at the Bay, did it again. He brought us another terrific show.

The show opened with "C-Jam Blues" under the direction of Cuth Knowlton and his orchestra. Cuth has a wonderful orchestra with Jim Rennie at the piano, Ralph Clark—base, Mac McVeigh—trumpet, Leo Lemoureux—tenor sax, Hal Hepburn—alto sax, and last but not least, Cuth Knowlton—drums.

The band did a tremendous job with their renditions of "Let's Dance", "When You're Smiling", "Christmas Meddly", "Rudolph", "Santa Claus is Coming to Town", and "White Christmas." Also, "Basin Street" and "I Never Knew" with Cuth doing the vocal.

Mac McVeigh did an excellent job on the sweet potato with his version of "Tom Dooley".

Another chap in the band who is very talented is Ralph Clark who sang: "It Takes a Good Man to do That", and "Who Did it to Mary". As can be expected, these songs were thoroughly enjoyed by everybody.

Pat Hudson, the alltime favourite accordionist, played: "Road to The Isle", "Athol Gathering", "Timor Tartar", and "Soldiers Joy". At the end of these numbers the audience showed their appreciation through the applause that wouldn't stop until Pat stepped back onto the stage. She played another round of numbers which included: "Gay Gordons", "Inverness Gathering", "Bonnie Dundee", "O Solo Mio", "Blue Bell Polka", and "Sharpshooters March".

The show wouldn't be complete without the very pretty and talented Joan "Elsie" Guilfoyle from radio station CKLC. Joan sang "Polly Anna", "It's Wonderful", "Who's Sorry Now", "Imagination", and also the "Elsie" weather report. We understand, Joan had been sick, in bed, for the two weeks previous to the show, and got out of bed to come here and sing in the show. From all of us we say "Thanks" Joan, we appreciate what you did for us. We send you our best wishes and hope you had a speedy recovery.

Buddy Guilfoyle, The Master of Ceremony of this excellent show, was at his best. We always look forward to a good show when we know Buddy is bringing it. We could go on and on talking about Buddy and the shows he brings to the Bay, but due to limited space, all we can say is congratulations for putting a good show together and "Thanks Buddy". Please come back soon, we always look forward to seeing you again.

The show ended with everybody joining in and singing "That Old Gang of Mine."

January 11 — On The Stage

Mr. Woodhouse, we feel sorry for you. For a decade you have been bringing us top flight entertainment, with every show being a little better than the last. But, on Sunday, you reached the pinnacle, for in conjunction with Miss Katie Murtagh, you outdid yourself by introducing us to the greatest, most talented group of entertainers to ever hit the Bay.

Billy Meek, The Master of Ceremony of this extravaganza, was strictly the most. Boy, the talent Billy has is phenomenal. He danced, sang, mimiced

and played numerous instruments all with professional aplomb, a real entertainer.

Mike, Mark, Jack and Arnold known professionally as the "Rhythm Pals", started the ball rolling with their rendition of "San Antonia Rose" followed by "Volare", on which Mark, Jack and Mike collaborated on the vocal. They then broke into a real rhythm rocker with "Steele Guitar Rag" featuring Arnold on the electric guitar. "Let Me Go Blubber", their comedy number, was quite a gasser — these guys are terrific.

Then came Norma Davis with a take-off of Sophie Tucker and Jimmy Durante, she then combined with Billy Meek on a soft shoe routine covering hits of the roaring twenties. She also sang the "Pussy-Cat Song" and "Television is Hard on Love" — she was sensational.

The beauteous Penny Nichols, the next performer, gave a display of acrobatic dancing that was stupendous. Her acrobatic agility was nothing short of tremendous.

Betty Robertson, a pretty talented vocalist, sang "Old Devil Moon", "Rock-a-bye Swanee", and "Over The Rainbow". Her version of "Over The Rainbow" was particularly well done. Judy Garland, her idol, has nothing on this lass.

The rapidly rising young star, Tommy Common, of T.V. fame, took the spotlight and held the audience spell-bound from his opening number of "Lonesome Me" through "On The Street Where You Live", "You'll Never Walk Alone", "Danny Boy" and "Hey There". His poise and delivery was flawless. He has a voice — and what a voice, his boy is destined for stardom. Come back Tommy — soon.

After a fifteen minute intermission the show was resumed by the entire ensembles' rendition of "Perfidio".

The spot-light was then turned on Charles Richards who delivered Billy Daniels' "Old Black Magic" to perfection, and then followed with that poignant love song "All The Way" — Terrific — We understand that Charles hadn't been in front of a mike for some two years, due to sickness, the world of entertainment must really have missed you. We were honored that we were the very first to welcome you back. Good luck to you Charles.

Our perrenial favourite Joey Hollingsworth tap-danced his way into our hearts once again. His twinkling toes are really loaded with the rhythm. He is a tap dancer extra-ordinaire who is featured on CBC - TV with the Billy O'Connor (Hi Billy) Trio.

Then came our Heart Throb "Katie Murtagh". Katie, Katie, Katie, what can we say about a wonderful gal like you that hasn't already been said. If we wanted a model for an angel, you'd be it. You're not only tops in our books, you also occupy a special place in our hearts. (This "Gem of Showbusiness" gave unstintingly of her time, money and talents, on our behalf).

Jimmy McDonald at the piano and Chris Tipoff on the drums are a couple of accomplished musicians who are very well known, in the better nite spots, around Toronto, their accompaniment was superb. Thanks fellas, you were great.

Fred Bendall, in charge of the lighting, is an old friend who is always here when we need him. He gives uncompainingly of his time and service. Fred, we can never never show our gratitude. Thanks.

As we said before, Mr. Woodhouse, we do feel sorry for you, for after this tremendous show you brought us, you can never do better. Our heartfelt thanks and deepest gratitude to all of you — you're the most!



INNOCENT PARTNERS

via The Penal Press

The courtroom is cleared. The man before the Bench has been convicted and sentenced, and they lead him away. The whole incident is forgotten by the public and the newspapers now that they know he is on the way to the penitentiary, where he will pay the price of his decision to break step with Society. But, for his innocent partners in crime, the ordeal is only beginning.

These innocent partners, victims of circumstances, who had nothing to do with the crime itself but still must pay with tears and anguish, broken dreams, for the crime committed by a loved one. They are the mothers and sisters, the wives and the sweethearts, the fathers and brothers, of those who have broken the laws of the land.

The father, hard-working and honest, who has slaved to keep his family together, in good times and bad, while looking forward to the day when his boy would have made him proud in the fulfillment of a father's dreams for a son's future, only to see his hopes disintegrated in a sordid courtroom, dejected, wondering where he himself had failed, for he cannot understand why his boy, who had been brought up to the best of his ability could have done anything contrary to the accepted principles of the Church, the community and the family. The father bears his grief in silence.

The brother pays a heavy price for now he has to answer to the charge of being brother to a hoodlum ostracised in part by society and in the case of where he is close to the brother he has a severe emotional readjustment to make or follow in the footsteps of his brother who has always been his idol.

The mother, who has retained memories of a child's innocence even after the child grew up, still believing in

his innocence in spite of incriminating evidence and irrefutable testimony, thinks it is all a horrible mistake when he judge sends her boy to the penitentiary. The boy takes it with surface bravado, but the mother weeps in anguish both for herself and her boy. Unlike the father, it is not in her nature to grieve in silence. To the judge and the lawyers, the courtroom attendants and the police officers, she is just another weeping, grey-haired mother, in a long list of weeping grey-haired mothers.

Like the mother, the kid sister does not have it in her nature to hide her reactions, but unlike the mother, there is no scene with the kid sister. The teen-age girl, who is the most sensitive of human beings, pays the dearest price of all the innocent partners who have been dragged through the mud of the police courts and the newspapers. Because of the fragility of her emotional make-up, the kid sister cannot compensate the social disaster that results from her brother's fall, and she withdraws from life for a while. She cannot face her friends, loses interest in all school and social activities, and lives a thousand miserable nights of silent anguish. She never fully recovers from that disturbing shock, although she eventually returns to the old routine. Sometimes, especially in a small community, the kid sister leaves home, to get away from cruel neighbours, who point her out as the sister of a criminal. And if she leaves home, to go to a big city, she finds it easier to let go, morally and socially, as her brother did, than to try to forget the cause of her departure from home. She never returns home, when this happens.

The girl friend, too, pays the price of being an innocent partner, but her

recovery is the fastest, for all she has to do is find another boy friend. Sometimes, if she herself is emotionally unstable, the results could be disastrous.

The most pathetic victim of this unwilling partnership in crime is the wife who has children and finds herself without any means of support and few friends. Her problems are more serious than those of the other partners. She has to worry about the kids; she is bound to a miserable life of solitude and emptiness because she must remain a model of decency and fidelity to her children, whose faith in the integrity of partners had been shaken up by the event that took the father away from them; she suffers the tortures that come to those who realize

that their hopes and dreams have been smashed beyond repair, and the future offers no detour because the kids are the link with a past that is dead.

Somewhere, tonight, in any one of the many prisons and penitentiaries an inmate will lie on his cot, conscious of the heavy silence that is broken occasionally by the sounds that come from many cells, only to descend again and smother the prison range; he will think the thoughts that come to imprisoned men who cannot sleep. And elsewhere, in the silence of a bedroom, a tear-streaked face is hidden by the darkness — a wife or a mother, thinking of one for whom the night is darker still.



I was telling my nine-year-old granddaughter the story of the princess and the frog. "When the little frog rescued her golden ball from the well, the princess was so grateful she let him spend the night in her room," I said. "And the next morning when she woke up he had turned into a handsome prince and they were married and lived happily ever after. My daughter looked at me dubiously. "Don't you believe the story?" I asked. "No," she replied, "I don't. And I'll bet her mother didn't either."

Readers Digest

LIFE SENTENCE. . . A man arrested by a woman policeman for speeding received a life sentence two months later. They were married.

From the Sherbrooke Record

In the famed Boot Hill cemetery at Tombstone, Arizona, where a good many western badmen lie buried, one epitaph recognizes bluntly and simply the errors of society, "Hanged by Mistake." Those three words constitute one of the strongest arguments against capital punishment. . . . Beacon

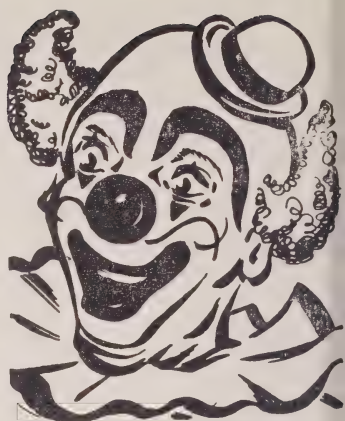
STEADY WORKER. . . Interviewing a prospective employee, the director of personnel asked: "You say you were at your last place 23 years? Why did you leave?" "I was paroled," replied the applicant.

At a state banquet given by Frederick the Great of Prussia to his courtiers and noblemen, the monarch asked those present to explain why his revenues continued to diminish despite incoming taxes. An old general of the Hussars remarked dryly, "I will show Your Majesty what happens to the money." Procuring a piece of ice, he lifted it high for inspection; then he handed it to his neighbor and requested that it be passed on from hand to hand to the King. By the time it reached Frederick, it was about the size of a pea.

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



A curvaceous brunette chosen as "Miss Spring" in an evening dress beauty contest in Imperia, Italy stepped to the microphone, boomed in a clear male voice, "I must confess. . .", and fled as the losers screeched after him

Red-faced police in Vorington, Ky, explained in court that they could not table the evidence against a man charged with stealing rings and watches because they had sold them in a police auction.

The courtroom was crowded as the judge finished his lecture to Jo Jo White, the defendant in a divorce case.

"So I have decided to give your wife \$50.00 per month", the judge concluded. Jo Jo's face lit up, "I'll try to slip her a couple of bucks myself, now and then".

"Doctor", the owner of a great Dane told a vet, you got to do something. My dog does nothing but chase sport cars. "Well, that's only natural, most dogs chase cars." "Yes," the man agreed, "but mine catches them and buries them in the back yard."

"Pop", said a six-year old boy, "how soon will I be old enough to do as I please?" "I don't know," replied the father, "nobody has lived that long yet."

Husband (testily, after losing badly at bridge). . . "You might have guessed I had no heart, dear." Wife (sweetly) "Quite, but I thought you had a brain."

The boss came in early and found his bookkeeper kissing the stenographer. "Is this what I pay you for?" he asked. "No, I do this free of charge," replied the bookkeeper.

A man took down his telephone receiver and while he was waiting for the operator, heard this conversation on the party line: "Hello." "Hello." "That you, Jake?" "Yep, this Jake." "It don't sound like Jake." "Well, this is Jake speaking all right." "Are you sure this is Jake?" "Sure, this is Jake." "Well, listen, Jake." This is Henry. Lend me fifty dollars, will ya." "All right, I'll tell him when he comes in."

"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?" "A bartender, my boy."

A clergyman was telling his congregation of the effects of intemperance, and said: I hope the time will soon come when all liquor will be poured into the river. Now let us sing hymn No. 94". Some members of the congregation smiled when they opened the hymn books and read the title, "Shall We Gather At The River".

"Why is it that a judge has so little time left for himself"? I suppose it's because he's so busy." "Wrong." It's because he hands out so much time to other people."

"I couldn't serve as a juror, Judge." "One look at that fellow convinces me he's guilty." Sh-h, That's the district attorney."

"Doctor, what I need is something to stir up — something to put me in a fighting-trim. Did you put anything like that in this prescription? "No, replied the doctor. You will find that in the bill."

Street Orator — "We must get rid of Radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, communism, and Anarchism."

Voice from the Crowd — "And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism"?

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest. Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib and that surely was a surgical operation." "Maybe", said the architect, "But prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job." "But interrupted the politician, somebody created the chaos first."

Somebody lightheartedly told the late Lord Salisbury that a bishop was greater than a judge, for a judge could only say: "You be hanged," whereas the prelate could say: "You be damne." "Yes", commented the Marqis, "but when a judge says, "You be hanged", you are hanged."

"Haven't we met before? asked the judge. "Maybe", replied the tailor. "So many men owe me money I can't remember their faces."

"You have been convicted on nineteen counts, and you are hereby committed to the state prison upon a cumulative sentence of ninety-nine years. Have you anything to offer?"

"Nothin', Judge, except that you're pretty free with another man's time."

A man caught a boy in his garden stealing apples, and handed him to the police.

As it was the boy's first offense, the judge let him off, but told him never to yield to such temptation again, adding: "You have flown from the evil one."

"So I did, sir," replied the boy, "but he caught me before I got over the fence!"

"Why did you throw the pot of geraniums at the plaintiff?"

"Because of an advertisement, your honor." "What advertisement?"

"Say it with flowers".

The Music Box



by Buck Bordeleau

Music, music, music, the sounds of inspirations, the mellowtones of moods, the keynotes of love. Music to some of us, perhaps, is not just a sound, it's a meaning, a feeling deep within for only the person intoxicated with its mellonotes, can truly feel the effectiveness of its rhythm.

The "Blues" or soul music as it is sometimes called, is perhaps the most sentimental type of music for expressing emotions. It originated around the middle of the 17th century, when the negroes were first imported to the southern U.S. plantations as slaves. With them they brought their own primitive beats and chants — mixed with early American folk music, and we have what is known to-day as the "Blues".

The first song to be recorded was "Down Hearted Blues", the time was February 17th, 1923, the place was Columbia Recording Studio in New York, the singer was Bessie Smith — Empress of the Blues.

When she finished the song, her accompanists, Clarence Williams and Frank Walker, Bessie's Manager, looked up and smiled, for they both knew immediately that she had just recorded a blues masterpiece. Just a few minutes before, she was scared stiff. "Mr. Walker", she whispered nervously, "these folks up here in the North won't like my voice, it's too rough." "Don't worry about it Bessie, you just sing what's in your heart". She looked at him for a long moment. "That's easy",

she thought. "Them words come natural to me.

"Down Hearted Blues" sold more than a million copies. Bessie Smith was on her way to greatness. It was no accident. She was born to sing the blues. Bessie was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in or around 1895. In those days, Southern officials were somewhat casual in recording Negro birth certificates. Bessie herself didn't know. Almost from the moment she could talk she began to sing. She sang of the life about her, of the hard lot of her people. Songs she had picked up from the street singers, from old women, rocking on the porches of broken down shacks, from bitter men leaving cheap saloons she heard hard words and sad refrains. These songs were called the blues, but each singer had his own definition: "Blues ain't nothin' but a good man feelin' bad. "Blues is a poor man's heart disease". "Blues is a cryin' woman whose man's gone off an' left her" "Blues is all the things I wanted to do but never got around to doin'."

Often in the quiet of the evening, when folks of the neighborhood would get together, they'd call on Bessie to sing a blues or two. She was the pride of the block. At the age of seventeen, in a cheap night club in Selma, Alabama, Bessie was standing in the middle of the floor, pouring out her soulful blues. A man sat at one of the tables, staring at her, transfixed. "Have you thought of going to New York?" he asked at last. "I thought of a lot of

hings," the Empress replied blandly, but doin' 'em is somethin else again". Who knows! I might send for you", he replied.

He was Frank Walker, who was to become her manager and guide. The recording of "Down Hearted Blues" was the result. From 1923 to 1927 she was riding high. Her people, North as well as South, were clamoring for her blues. Her accompanists were such greats as: Fletcher Henderson, Louis Armstrong, James P. Johnson, Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman. She recorded such classics as: "St Louis Blues", "Cold in Hand Blues", "Young Women Blues", "Careless Love", "Baby Doll", and "Cakewalking Babies". But in the early thirties a change was taking place in the musical taste of the country. A change that was to deepen Bessie's sorrow and intensify her drinking. Her need for gin was uncontrollable, for it was ruining her voice and her personality. Bessie was slowly fading away, and on September 26th, 1937, Bessie Smith, The Empress of The Blues, was killed in an automobile crash, leaving as her legacy a style of music, and an inspiration to the great blues singers of to-day.

Among the top blues entertainers are Sarah Vaughn, Billie Holiday, Lena Horne, Ella Fitzgerald, Roberta Sherwood and many others. Some of these are all time greats, but we all have our favourites. Mine is "Sassy" Sarah Vaughn. Her voice is completely different from those of Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and other jazz-derived stylists that preceded her. She is gifted with a combination of attractive characteristics: a rich, beautifully con-

trolled tone and vibrato, a keen sense of chord structure, enabling her to change or inflect the melody as an instrumentalist might. She is herself an excellent pianist.

Sarah Vaughn got her first break after winning an amateur contest at the Appollo Theatre in New York City. She was recommended by Billy Eckstine, who at that time was Earl Hines band vocalist, for a job with the orchestra.

It was not until Earl introduced her at the Appollo in April, 1943, when she took over the microphone, and caressed ever so gently the melodic contours of "Body and Soul", that the important role she was to play in musical history, shone like a brilliant star. It's not hard to estimate that at this stage "Sassy" Sarah has become a mistress of the music she sings rather than its slave. She has reached the point where she assumes complete command and brings the song to her own level, instead of being dragged down by an inferior piece of material, to the low grade of the lyrics or music at hand.

The emotional impact she can convey has never been better demonstrated than in her heart warming rendition of "Sinner or Saint". Of course anything Sarah sings is well done, I can listen to her for hours and hours — and usually do. I could write on and on about "Sassy" Sarah Vaughn, but the "Editor" said to cut it short. (limited space) so in closing I wish to remind you to get your copy of the C.B. Diamond next month when we will cover the "Classical field.

"ERASING POLICE RECORDS" — *Via the Reflector*

The New York Legislature would erase from the records a crime of a first offender if he commits no second crime within five years.

Not only would the ex-convict's civilian rights be restored but he could be free of any offense. Moreover, his police record would have to be destroyed. A newspaper that mentioned the prisoner's past would be liable to face a misdemeanor charge and subject to civil damage suits by the person libeled.

Any person, under oath, or otherwise, that he had ever been arrested, tried or convicted of any offense. Moreover, his police record would have to be destroyed. A misdemeanor charge and subject to civil damage suits by the person libeled.

About **Penology, Reformation, Rehabilitation**

by A. F. Thompson

Today, in Canada, there is much discussion about rehabilitation — trained penologists are attempting to implement an enlightened program of reform in the penal institutions, but they can accomplish very little against the inconsistencies in the bureaucratic attitude prevalent today and even less against the apathy evident in public opinion. Some parliamentarians and members of the general public do realize the crying need for a drastic change and upheaval in the institutions if they are to attain the ultimate in reclaimed lives, but the greater majority of the public are extremely lethargic on this important matter.

There is an urgent need for a trained staff of psychologists on a full time basis in the institutions to interview each man and assist him to a clear understanding of his problem, for a criminal is oft-times as much addicted as an alcoholic or a dope addict and is as much in need of help. He cannot conquer the urge until he understands and fully accepts the truth of the compulsion which drives him. The present system of a part-time psychiatrist who comes only two days a week and interviews about four men each visit, is only a stop-gap, because he can never hope to completely handle this problem but can merely skim over the surface of it. This is much like the Dutch boy who plugged the hole in the dike with his finger; it will do for a while but if help is not forthcoming quickly then the deluge must surely conquer. A stop gap is never a solution, only a compro-

mise and no compromise can successfully answer this problem.

This question must be answered, and answered truthfully by everyone. Do we want REFORM, or do we want PUNISHMENT? . . . If reform is the answer, and assuredly it is the only sensible one, then a firm stand must be taken immediately and a proper whole-hearted effort must be made to institute a new deal in the institutions. If punishment is the answer, and as has been proven for centuries it is deterrent, then I, and all like I, are doomed forever to the dregs of life.

It is futile to spend thousands of dollars on trades' training and then quibble at equipping him with a suitable wardrobe and sufficient money to assist him on his way when he is released from an institution. It is foolish to spend dollars and gag over pennies but that is exactly what is occurring in the half-hearted reform measures now in force. Complete reform can be no halfway measure; the whole step must be taken, the commitment made, and carried over all obstacles to the fulfillment required and urgently needed.

A man cannot be reformed by another, he can only be shown the utter futility of his present life and led through example and logical thinking into the desire of self-reformation.

If this goal is to be obtained the inmate must be treated as a human being, with problems and hopes throughout all phases of his conviction and subsequent incarceration in an institution.

Giving of our own free will



RED CROSS BLOOD BANK

Twice a year, the Red Cross Blood Bank visits Collin's Bay and gratefully accepts donations to their blood bank, most of which is sent to Sunnybrook Veterans' Hospital in Toronto, for use as "whole blood".

On December 17th, the volunteer workers of the Red Cross paid their second 1958 visit with us and were greeted by 54% of the inmate population who donated a total of 254 pints of blood.

We want to thank the Red Cross for permitting us to contribute in this way to a good cause, and above all we congratulate the inmates who went to the Auditorium and gave their donation; for the use by those less fortunate than we are.

69,253 PINTS OF BLOOD TO RED CROSS

Prison inmates from Canada and the United States have contributed a total of 69,253 pints of blood to the Red Cross Blood Banks.

Theoretically, each pint of blood given saves a life. For this gesture inmates at the various institutions are rewarded with:

State of Virginia — 60 day reduction anytime blood is needed in the prison hospital.

Missouri — 15 days "good time" for each donation. Any inmate may receive a 30 day reduction in time during the course of a one year period.

Texas — 30 day reduction of sentence whenever they contribute to either of two hospitals. There is a clause, however, that stipulates that no inmate shall donate more than one pint to each hospital. Further credits of "good time" may be gained by giving emergency donations to fellow inmates.

The governor, the department of corrections and the pardon board sanction these donations.

Oklahoma — 5 days "good time" for each pint. The state prison has no working agreement with the Red Cross, but inmates here donate to State Hospitals, the University of Oklahoma Hospital, and in emergency cases, donate blood to the prison hospital.

Mississippi — 10 days reduction in sentence for each pint of blood donated.

Michigan — Nil

Ontario — Nil



An Inmates Viewpoint

By John Anthony D.

Recently a newspaper had been carrying as a news items, stories of small groups trying to propogate a more extensive programme of Progressive Penology.

* In rebuke, a citizen wrote a letter to this paper, saying in effect, "Though we might be in prisons, (which is a *small* thing) the food was good, (delectable) and the beds soft". "This was progressive enough." (Our beds are simple cots, our food simply adequate) In truth: Progressive Penology is not concerned too much with what we eat, or what we sleep on, but what we do upon our release.

This gentleman went on to say, he was "qualified" to speak on the subject, as in his capacity as a counsellor at a settlement home, he had seen *one* boy, whom *he* had adjudged to be bad convicted of a crime. This single experience in itself, by his own inference, makes him an authority on prisons and prisoners.

Were it not tragic, this could be routine, but it has no humour, because of this ignorance is bred the fear, that makes you treat rehabilitative measures with archaic and prejudiced attitudes.

I believe if you could be enlightened

through a subjective viewpoint, your ignorance might be replaced with a medium of understanding, at least "hear" both sides of the story, you would not be so misinformed as most.

TIME, the intangible, so precious, God doles it out second by second. TIME, the thing that can mean many things to many people. For the young it is the period of visions of the future. For the old it is the period of dreams of the past, and for the prisoner, it is a period of having the denial of human tenderness from those we love; it is existing in a world devoid of the gay laughter of children, and it is this too—Think, if you will, for a moment on awakening to the dawn of a new day, sleep starts to leave you and you begin to sense the glorious feeling of the brightness and warmth of the sun, and the air, especially if it be spring, is fresh and invigorating and brings with it the aromatic scent of new life. It gives a feeling of exuberance, a feeling of being alive, more, a feeling of wanting to be alive. It makes you want to jump up and indulge yourself in this intangible, yet grand feeling. This is yours, this is what your freedom gives you.

But here, it is different, dawn brings

a feeling of dying, not living. For here there are no new days, there are not even different days, there are only more days. When you awaken here, you do not feel any exuberance, with the coming of a new day. There is no joy of life, no gladness from being alive, but rather a feeling of dying a little inside; and as you start to perceive the harsh reality of where you are once again, it is not invigoration but rather discouraging, and, as your eyes look around and take in the dull shaplessness of your cell, you begin to feel, not the

wonderful exciting sense of new life but rather the depressed feeling of a life wasted away. Each dawn you do not come to life, but rather die a little.

I tell you this to express to you, that contrary to popular belief we do not languish while we are here, but DO TIME.

And though we are convicts, we are not a strange, unfeeling animal, but humans capable of feelings, and dreams and disappointments such as yourselves.



The Springfield Republican, edited by Samuel Bowles, which rarely made a mistake, once reported the death of a citizen who was very much alive. He came into the editor's office later in the day to protest.

"I'm sorry, but if the Republican says you're dead, then you are dead," insisted Bowles. The only compromise he would make, after long discussion, was to print the man's name in the birth notices the next morning.



A Massachusetts motorist lost his way at night, and after a half hours driving on a dirt road was told by a man in a parked car that he was on the Taunton racetrack.

Helping an offender to become a lawabiding citizen is as much a citizen's job as it is an institutional one. By joining state and local citizen participating groups that work with prison programs and prisoners, we gain more accurate information of what our prisons are doing, and can cooperate more intelligently with crime prevention and correction.

From the Spectator



If you want to get the best out of a man, you must look for the best in him.

We blame in others only the faults by which we do not profit.

Alexander Dumas



How many men would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others.

Mme. de Fontaine



The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed, but that he cannot believe anyone else.

George Bernard Shaw

Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior.

George Bernard Shaw



Religion is insurance in this world against fire in the next, for which honesty is the best policy.

Francis Bacon

Back to the Community

by A. M. Kirkpatrick

IT IS A TRUISM that a man's real punishment begins when he returns to society and all of us in law enforcement, institutional treatment and after-care work must be actively concerned about the kind of climate society maintains for the ex-convict. There are undoubtedly a number of men who do not seem to care much about their future return to society. But in most cases the man judges our efforts by the answer to his supreme question — "How will society accept me on release?" He has paid his debt, he has made his time, he wants to go straight. Will he be given the chance? Our main efforts in after-care are directed to this man.

Eventually he confronts his community again and immediately becomes aware of certain needs common to all human beings. As a biological organism he must exist and to this end needs food, clothing and shelter. Federally he is provided with a minimum issue of clothing and the relatively meagre results of his prison earnings. Provincially he may receive a small discharge gratuity with further assistance in some provinces towards his rehabilitation. But there is little question that the amount of his "gate money" is inadequate, in modern terms, to provide him with subsistence and necessities to last him till he has found a job and secured his first pay. In essence he is all too often to all intents and purposes insolvent the day he is released.

This is one area of need to which I would draw your attention. Efforts should be made to secure better discharge gratuities based not on a relationship to time served, which may be a proper one to be observed in regard to prison earning, but on a realistic appreciation of the need for physical survival faced by any man leaving prison. The material needs of a man who has been in prison for only three months are largely the same as those of longer sentences men. It is not so much the length of time served which is the important factor here; but rather, even for a short-sentence man, the dislocation from home, job and community relationships and the stigma of being an ex-convict. If reasonable provision is not made for his needs at this point, we may well be leaving him to circumstances conducive to his return to crime.

In Great Britain the man finds himself immediately, as any other citizen in need, within the scope and provisions of an assistance program of some sort. In Canada this is not so and the Prisoners' Aid Societies are placed in the position of attempting to bridge the gap from institutional maintenance to self-maintenance in the community. Our efforts, because of lack of funds are, to say the least, minimal and we find ourselves all too frequently providing "flop-house" accommodation, inadequate meals, and cast-off clothing; but this is not in keeping with objectives of the institutional treatment program, the needs and aspirations of the man, or the kind of circumstances and surroundings to hold on the straight path men who have known the lure of easy money and easy living. We know from studies on parole violation that men who return to stable residential quarters violate less frequently than those who return to live in the transient, semi-slum life of the cities.

A rehabilitation grant should be planned with the man while in the institu-

ion as part of the pre-release programme. This grant should be made available to him under supervision and adjusted as necessary either through institutional field officers, where they are employed, with governments assuming the costs directly or, alternatively, through co-operation with the Prisoners' Aid Societies with the costs charged back to the government jurisdictions involved. Such a charge-back arrangement for specific direct assistance should be carefully distinguished from general government grants to Prisoners' Aid Societies for administrative and development purposes. We are all just scratching the surface of the job that needs to be done and it is suggested that governments should be urged to consider their responsibility for financing in greater measure after-care of this nature.

It is generally recognized that pre-release preparation within the institution should begin the direct process of after-care. Hence, if the work is to be done by a voluntary agency it is most desirable that the institutional staff and the institutional representative of the voluntary agency work in close partnership to interpret the function of the after-care agency and to assist those men, who wish help, to develop a plan for their return to the community of their choice.

This may well involve reaching out to the local community through the facilities of the after-care agency to check the reality of home, family, employment, community acceptance and readiness to help. There would follow the interpretation of these to the man so that, if necessary, he may rebuild his plan. Another step would be the preparation of a pre-release report covering his background and plans to be forwarded to the Local Prisoner's Aid Society in readiness for his reception into the community. Ultimately there would be the relieving of progress reports from the after-care agency which might help the institutional staff assess their planning and treatment of the individual man.

Where, for any reason, it is not possible for the Prisoner's Aid Society to maintain such a representative within the institution, it is most essential that a close liaison be developed with the institutional staff. To this end it is hoped that the Prisoners' Aid Societies may be regarded as extensions of the institution into the community with direct referral of the man and consultation regarding him prior to and following release with a free interchange of essential information regarding him and his progress.

Such direct referral is contingent, of course, on the man's willingness to accept it and to plan for after-care assistance through a Prisoners' Aid Society on his release; but no material distinction need be made in the case of men released by outright termination of sentence or on parole. It should be noted, however, that the parole function is an official one so that, while the institutional representative of the Prisoners' Aid Society may be the one to help the man develop a plan and the Society may agree to accept his supervision on parole, the plan should be worked out in collaboration with the institutional and/or parole board staff, presented by them with their recommendations to the Parole Board, and the decisions regarding parole made entirely by appropriate official agency. Similarly, objective reports may be made by the Prisoners' Society as to the man's co-operation on parole; but any recommendation or decision to revoke should be made by official action of the appropriate authority.

The work of the local Prisoners' Aid Society is greatly helped when such planning takes place prior to release and the man can be shepherded, as it were, from institution to the community. But many men do not accept this service in the belief that they can make it alone and, in the case of short-sentence men, because there is often insufficient time for anyone to build up such a relationship.

Hence, we encounter the problem of the self-referred man. Many of these are anxious for advice and counsel and are willing to try to make some kind of

a plan even at a belated date and these we should reach out to help. However many are frankly interested in nothing but emergency assistance to tide them over night. These latter present a problem more in the nature of emergency relief than of prisoner after-care and may have been discharged for months or years but still choose to regard themselves as ex-convicts for purposes of securing assistance.

The problem of the man seeking only such direct assistance becomes that of determining the real focus of his needs. These may well have changed from those related to his having been at one time an ex-convict to those related to his presenting himself now as a transient unemployed man. Thus he may well have passed from the field of responsibility of the Prisoners' Aid Society into that of those organizations concerned with hostel service or direct relief.

Our communities will soon be obliged to face squarely the problem of these single, unemployed, transient men who seek assistance from every conceivable social agency or individual. They are able to secure enough help that, by going from city to city or living on "skid row", they can eke out an existence of sorts in between sporadic and ineffectual employment. How much we as social agencies are making possible such a way of life needs to be examined and some determination made of the most hopeful way of meeting the needs of these men who represent both a sickness and an unmet need in our social organization.



CENSORSHIP — DICTATORSHIP

Much has been both written and spoken regarding this subject but what I hope to convey is not the censorship of the written article but rather the subtlety of censorship in ideas. I remember while I was in K.P. there appeared in "The Telescope" an article written, quite naturally, by one of the inmates (Naiffe M. would approve the use of this word). Now this was not an ordinary article as it aroused quite a tempest among the population (or as the Russians so aptly phrase it "The Proletariat")

For the life of me I cannot remember the text of it now, but as is stated at beginning this article is not going to deal with the published but rather the abstract ideology. What is important is that which causes people to become indignant when faced with the truth or at least the author's version of it. And isn't truth really a myriad of conceptions by the individuals collectively?

And then too, isn't it the author's duty to record his conception of this truth? Or am I one of those outmoded idealists?

To get back to this "dander-raising bit", it was indeed poignant and thoroughly truthful (that much I recall but after the tumult subsided it had to be deleted due to that horrendous piece of garbage we are so proud of called "popular opinion".

Long Live Utilitarianism?

This very act and other equally inane discourage any future author from his attempt at this or modifying truth thus creating what I as an individual am against. One of the major weaknesses of today's societies is that nationalism is very closely resembling Chauvinism. God help the deviator! *What Has This Got To Do With Us?*

Well, are we not after all a form of society with regulations and a form of etiquette with methods for punishment?

To sum, by creating a hostile atmosphere to certain ways of thinking mainly because of their adversity to the popular theme of the day, is the foundation of dictatorship. And what is dictatorship but the forced opinion of brutality which in turn (the paradox) is afraid of any probes or pieces of truth so quite naturally resorts to the oldest method of censorship. Voila!

QUOTES FROM THE DAILY PRESS

FIVE REFORMED MEN CLEAN SLATE

The Hamilton Spectator

MAGISTRATE WOULD TEAR UP OLD POLICE RECORD

Magistrate John Robinson does not believe a man should be "haunted by his criminal record".

A reformed convicted person should be rewarded — following a statutory period of redemption — by having his record torn up.

Such is the contention of the man who administers justice from the bench of Wentworth County Magistrate's Court.

"FOR A LONG TIME now," His Worship declared, "I have had strong feelings about men having to remember they have a criminal record every day of their lives. . . never, never being really able to forget the past."

Today, in an interview, Magistrate Robinson expressed his thoughts on the subject:

"We are always talking about reforming criminals, and encouraging them to go the straight path — and stay there.

"BUT HOW can a man really believe in a new life, if he is always haunted by the knowledge that somewhere in police files there is a sheet of paper bearing his name?

"Surely, the finest incentive to any man to lead a good, honest life would be to know that by so doing, he will eventually get that record removed from his files."

"As things stand today, a man may commit a petty theft while he is 18 years old.

"The item he steals may be worth only a few dollars, but his conviction will be entered against him.

"IT WOULD PROBABLY be the isolated lapse of a young man, never to be repeated, but the record and stigma of that conviction would always remain.

"Under the present terms of the Criminal Code, a man convicted of impaired driving a second time must be sent to jail — irrespective of the gap of time between the two offences.

"Should a man repeat the offence following 20 years of good, safe driving, a magistrate still has no alternative but to send the motorist to Jail.

"THERE ARE, of course, some convictions which should not be eradicated from a man's record — such as armed robbery, rape, manslaughter and similar offences.

"But there are many which could.

"Just how many years of honest living should entitle a man to have his record torn up is a matter of conjecture and discussion.

SPEAKING generally, 10 years might be a reasonable time — but I wouldn't want to be specific.

"I do feel, however, serious consideration should be given this suggestion by all those concerned with the enforcement and administration of the law.

"I firmly believe that once a man loses his record, he will never seek to start another one."

PRISON REFORM — *The Vancouver Sun*

Prison reform is important for the general social good and for plain humanity. Saving people from lives of crime and social delinquency by skilled selective treatment, instead of merely jailing them, is a major social duty.

But it is also urgent to cut down the needlessly high cost of keeping thousands of offenders in expensive, non-productive and generally ineffective custody while doing little to restore them to good citizenship.

There need be no foolish outcries against "mollycoddling" offenders. Skilled penologists believe in and practise firm discipline.

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FULTON FORGETFUL — NO WOMAN NAMED — *Toronto Daily Star*

Gentlemen of the new National Parole Board:

Welcome behind bars.

I don't know about Chairman Thomas Street or members Frank Miller and Edward Dion. But I can testify Alex Edmison has been there many times.

I've accompanied him, on occasion, when the great iron doors of Kingston penitentiary have clanged behind us.

As part of your indoctrination, gentlemen, I suggest you go, some evening in the early dark, and stand under the great circular dome of the Big House. Watch as inmates file into their long rows of cells on the layers curled around the dome space. Note how each man goes in, alone, sees the door locked, and sits on his narrow bed, staring out.

Don't get me wrong, gentlemen.

No Softy

I'm no softy about crime and criminals. I want to be protected as much as any other citizen.

But I think the key words here are those with which the justice department has charged the new foursome; they are "set up to give more prisoners a better chance of successfully re-entering society."

Rejoin Families

Inmates leave, in our towns and cities, wives, husbands, children and other relative; most of these ties will be resumed, with whatever consequences, whatever hardening of the human element has taken place behind the wall.

Until now, there have been few gilt-edged stars for good behavior in our prisons.

The kind I mean, a man could hitch his wagon to, with any real conviction.

Now comes the magic word.

Hope for parole.

Admittedly the new parole board will have its quartet of hands well filled in coming months; but I'd like to add a couple of suggestions.

The first is: Why can't inmates with good-behavior records in our penitentiaries see their wives oftener, and at closer range?

Penal experts tell me when I mention this I am treading water loaded with explosives.

No Woman Yet

And, of course, if a woman had been appointed to your new board (you're short one of the designated five) I'd have approached her.

I'm not criticizing Justice Minister Fulton, exactly, for that old forgetfulness which assails so many board-appointers concerning my sex.

And granted this is one field — that of the prison-confined portion of the population — in which men outnumber women 10 to one.

But there are few inmates of penal institutions who do not leave women and children behind; ask the social workers.

Experts Aplenty

The minister might have asked Pat Fulton, his wife. She was one of the best social workers in British Columbia before her marriage. Charlotte Whitton, former director of the Canadian Family Welfare council, can tell you about that.

I'd like the parole board to station themselves in the cold bare anteroom of a penitentiary, any time, to watch husbands and wives trying to drain a few moments' comfort.

Something to sustain them, for another month.

I see they're going to experiment with letting some inmates of San Quentin meet with their wives twice a month in a living-room atmosphere. They will be permitted to embrace at the beginning and end of each meeting.

Reminder of Home

There will be chairs and lamps and chesterfields and tables and books around. Maybe even a vase of flowers and a rug.

Every time you talk about these things, you run the gamut of the judgement sitters, who scream about coddling criminals.

And I see just as much red as you do when, as recently happened in my neighborhood, a small child is attacked, or a nice, old man at the corner grocery shop is brutally beaten and robbed.

All I want to say is, how much better are the men who do these things going to be when they have served time and are again at large?

Or How Much Worse?

The second matter I would like to draw to the attention of the parole board — with all the humility of any citizen in a country where all may speak their minds — is this. Why should inmates of penitentiaries not volunteer for medical experiments — such as dietary ones — if they wish?

There comes to mind an article I read recently by Dr. Ray Lawson, surgeon and cancer specialist, of Royal Victoria hospital, Montreal.

Dr. Lawson has, apparently, become interested in the explorer Stefansson's findings, when living among the Eskimos, of the value of fat in a certain type of controlled diet.

According to a piece on the subject in the Agricultural Institute Review, Dr. Lawson said: "Extremely little is known about the effects of high-fat consumption".

"How much would it cost to conduct the necessary research — and where could we find the voluntary guinea pigs?"

"Well, let's consider the human beings first. Where can we find the fair large groups of people who can be carefully fed, observed, controlled and checked and examined over a period of years?"

"Among university students; among prisoners in penitentiaries; among certain kinds of hospitalized patients. . ."

"I can assure you that there are many topnotch Canadian medical research men and women. . . who would be more than willing to help in such a scientific endeavor. They would ask for no salaries."

This is just one example. I am sure many medical scientists could suggest others.

There is still much to be done before the people of our world are freed from disease.

Perhaps men and women who know most about imprisonment would feel some kinship in helping to open the gates.

by Lotta Dempsey

PRISONER'S STORY FASCINATES COURT

Windsor Daily Star

One-legged Albert Harness, 35, finally got his story across in police court Tuesday and held officials entranced for half an hour.

Harness, who surrendered in Ottawa two weeks ago saying he was tired and through with evading the law, hobbled into court on crutches to face charges of armed robbery, breaking and entering, theft and illegal possession of narcotics.

Magistrate F. G. McAlister remanded him to Jan. 6 after he unfurled what court observers described as one of the most candid stories of crime and despair ever heard in court here.

Harness, a native of nearby Exeter, said he has appeared before magistrate "on numerous occasions" without saying much "but maybe I can get my point across to someone here."

Then he told how he served in an Oklahoma chain gang in his teens, receiving whippings from prison guards while he served a term for robbery.

Back in Canada, he had been unable to find work and was sent to Mimic reformatory at Toronto for theft during World War 2. There he became a narcotics addict.

"They say you're not supposed to hate your fellow man," said Harness "but I guess I'll hate the man who showed me how to use drugs till my dying day."

After his release, he said, it boiled down to the same problem: No work for a man with a prison record. He went to Winnipeg with his wife, worked for a year and then lost a leg above the knee and part of a hand in an accident. He returned to Eastern Canada with his wife and a new baby but found the same problems again.

His recent crimes, he said, were committed so he could get money for his wife and baby at Christmas. "The police will tell you that's what I did with it, too."

He acknowledged he would probably go to penitentiary because of his record, but added: "That's all right; when I'm in there at least the Salvation Army will be making sure my wife and baby get enough to eat."

His final remark: "Something's got to be done so if a man wants a job he can get one. It costs a lot of money to send a man to penitentiary and keep sending him back. It seems to me they could use that money for a lot better things than that."

Police began looking for Harness Dec. 13 after two university students, Lorne Dundas and James Prout, both 21, said they offered a ride in their car

o a one-legged man on crutches outside a hospital here but he drew a gun, forced him to drive him to Toronto and took \$132 from them.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AS A MORAL WRONG -- *Philadelphia Bulletin*

Your recent editorial and Richard Bacon's letter on capital punishment are reminders that the death penalty continues to harass the conscience of citizens who are asked to use it against their fellowmen

Those who respect life, will not go against their moral principles, and decree death. We also know we cannot give back a life we have taken in mistake. The death penalty has done no good through the centuries, and we debase ourselves with its use.

Gentleness, mercy and respect have always triumphed over our primitive cruelties. It is not punishment and revenge which build up good behavior, but steadfast growth in the practice of our highest ideals.

Hitler and Mussolini inflicted the death penalty upon their people, and proved beyond a doubt that society is not improved by killing unwanted citizens no matter how chosen from the stress of social and political life. Seven states have abolished capital punishment, and would not return to it again. Six more states are reviewing their laws in the light of this experience.

Eventually we will see the practical use of following the ideals our humanitarian thinkers held up to us throughout history, that evil is not overcome by their evil acts, but by the practice of good conduct, of a wise and continuing kind.

Persons concerned with abolishing the death penalty are sometimes accused of sentimentality. There is more emotionalism in holding onto an ancient practice that does not work, has never worked and never will work. Capital punishment is morally wrong, and morally, we know it will never be right.

By Dorothy Scheer



HOLLYWOOD INTERESTED IN CONVICT

It has been announced that Hollywood will film the Robert Stroud story. 20th Century Fox has bought the motion picture rights to the book, *Birdman of Alcatraz*, by Thomas E. Gadsis. Jack Cummings will be the producer and Marlon Brando may star.

Stroud, the movie's hero, has, himself, never seen a movie. He began a 2-year sentence in 1908. In 1916 he stabbed and killed a guard during a riot in the prison mess hall. He was sentenced to hang but President Wilson commuted the sentence to life imprisonment—in solitary confinement.

He turned to books and studied as best he could with a grade three education. The confinement was strict but his jailers relaxed enough to allow him, first to entertain wild sparrows which came to his window, and then to have canaries in his cell. He studied zoology, biology and pathology, discovered cures for bird's diseases, became an expert in ornithology and published a book on that subject.

Stroud was transferred to Alcatraz and his birds were taken away from him but he continued his studies and earned more diplomas: Music, engineering, mechanical drawing, theology, penology, and four foreign languages.

Now 68, Robert Stroud is still in solitary. He has served 50 years flat, 38 consecutive years in solitary confinement. He's not very excited about the movie, he never expects to see the free world again, but he *does* have hopes—he hopes he might some day get out of solitary.

Our Monthly Reprint

OPEN PRISONS

MAY BE THE ANSWER

Via The Monthly Record

"Prisons nowadays are nothing but playhouses where criminals go to rest up and plot new crimes against homes, God-fearing people!" shouts one man.

"Today's prisons are a century behind the times, completely out of place in modern society, and failing miserably as a weapon in the fight against crime," flatly declares another.

And the battle rages on, given fresh impetus by disturbances behind the grim forbidding walls of American prisons that erupt into screaming newspaper headlines — headlines that have brought the prison problem into the living room of the average citizen.

The average citizen is completely bewildered about it all. He realizes that something is wrong, that something must be done, but he doesn't see what he can possibly do about it.

On the one hand he hears charges that prisons are being turned into "country clubs", that they are nothing more than rest homes run for depraved criminals at his expense. He is told that convict-coddling parole boards are every day turning loose hundreds of men who are only waiting for a good chance to attack his neighbor, family, or himself. He is told that the only possible hope for society is to build more prisons with higher and stronger walls, and keep those who have offended society securely locked up for the rest of their lives.

On the other hand, he reads statements like this one by Judge Philip Forman, Chief Federal District Judge for New Jersey: "After one-third of a century assisting in the propelling of people into prison, I am leaning toward

the belief of some scientists that prisons could be abolished. I know of no person I have sent to prison who, because of his sentence, emerged a better man."

And this taken from a report by the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization: "The majority of the world's prisons are still grim man-cages surrounded by high forbidding walls, patrolled by armed guards and bristling with other restrictive devices. And although much progress has been made in recent years in prison reform, the public still believe that merely locking a man up will sober him and make him want to be a better person. Yet the reverse is usually true.

"Most men come out of such a place worse than when they went in, filled with bitterness and even hatred for society, which deprived them of their freedom without bettering their condition'.

So the storm rages on, and Mr. Average Citizen, torn between the people who want to build walls higher and stronger and those who want to do away with prisons entirely, shakes his head in bewilderment and wonders what can be the answer to it all. Behind the black headlines which throw the controversy in his face there is another story — one of an experiment which may well prove to be the key to unlock the gate to the new era of penology.

That same UNESCO report brings it out in two short paragraphs: "In the past few years, the idea of prisons without walls, without guns, without

armed guards where the dignity of the individual is recognized and where emphasis is placed on self-discipline has been gaining considerable ground.

"Such prisons, known as "open institutions", now exist in a number of countries, and in 1945 Sweden became the first to make them normal basis of its entire prison system."

Is the "open institution" the answer to America's prison problem? An ever increasing number believe it is. Two outstanding examples are in operation—and have been for ten years—and are proving themselves a success.

The State of California operates one of them, the California Institution for Men at Chino. This unique prison, where there are no walls and the only power is used for plane spotting by inmate ground observers, where guards are not guards but friendly advisors, where inmates eat picnic lunches with their families on Sunday, was fought against bitterly when Kenyon Scudder outlined the program he planned to use. Chino has been so successful however that California plans to build more institutions like it and abandon all but one of its walled prisons.

The United States government operates what is undoubtedly the best example of the "open prison" in this country, the Federal Correctional Institution at Seagoville, Texas.

Seagoville is a true penal institution, in that it houses men convicted of felonies, and its nearly 500 inmates are from all walks of crime: armed robbers, kidnapers, dope peddlers and murderers. Some have records of past jailbreaks.

Yet Seagoville has no tower guards. No weapons, no walls around it. Instead of cells there are dormitories with decent private rooms. Inmates carry their own door keys. Every man, no matter how rotten his reputation, is a trusty. But less than 60 of the 5,200 convicts sent there in the past 11 years have escaped, and nearly all of those have been recaptured.

Why do the men stay, when they are free to walk out practically any time

they want? Is it because Seagoville is a "country club" and they like it better there than having to work for a living outside?

Hardly. One inmate put it this way: "Nobody likes being here. Prison is prison, and this place isn't easy. It's just that the officers trust you to begin with, and don't heave you around like a sack of garbage when they talk to you. You don't get threats. You get the facts. When I got here two years ago, I figured the place was a pushover. Only one thing stopped me — they had dumb faith in me."

That is the basis of Seagoville's programme — the inmates are treated like men, and expected to behave like men. Where other prisons are strongly regimented, with every move ordered and watched, Seagoville sets the inmate on his feet, gives him the tools to work out his own rehabilitation. He is expected to stand on his own feet, work hard, and use his time wisely.

And it works. According to government figures, at least 75 percent of the men discharged from Seagoville are PERMANENTLY rehabilitated, as against between 30 and 40 percent for conventional prisons.

Most prisons, occupied with maximum security above all and giving only what energy and resources that are left over to rehabilitation, keep their inmates securely locked in cells most of the time — usually at least 15 hours a day, and in some cases 18. Seagoville utilizes this time in its rehabilitation program, giving the men freedom during the evening hours for study and sports.

Over 80 percent of the inmates spend their own time on the educational program alone, teaching and studying courses from grade schooling to university levels. They can play tennis on the courts within the grounds, with no one directly watching over them.

The atmosphere is kept as relaxed as possible — one of the cardinal rules laid down by Reed Cozart, the man who was the guiding force behind the

founding of Seagoville and its first warden, into what is essentially an abnormal situation.

There are none of the traditional lines of marching men, prisoners can talk in the dining room, saunter around wherever they wish in offhours, make open suggestions on bettering the institution. They can apply for jobs they want in Seagoville's factories, offices and farm lands. The guards are actually highly trained foremen, teachers, and advisors — assistance specialists, rather than punishment experts.

There are rules of conduct at Seagoville, but they are rules based on common sense, designed to teach men to live together, instead of a means of oppressive punishment in themselves. There is no dank, dark, spirit-breaking "hole" as punishment for rule-breaking. Solitary confinement is simply that.

The ten solitary confinement cells are seldom used. They are clean and airy, each with its large window overlooking a pond with willow trees around it, a miniature golf course, rolling pastures, and athletic fields. The offender has his punishment in looking at these things he is missing but can have back any time he pays the penalty for his infraction — apologizing to and treating as a friend the man whose rights he has infringed upon by breaking the rules.

The public helps in the rehabilitation of Seagoville inmates. Officials encourage community organizations such as service clubs and church groups to participate in the institution's programmes. This meeting of the prisoners with free members of society on pursuit of common interest is vitally important, believes Reed Cozart.

This is where Mr. Average Citizen enters the picture of a dawning new era in penology.

The people in these community organizations are just common, everyday folks — the kind who probably have never touched crime beyond a traffic violation, and who think there is nothing

they can do about prison problem.

Yet it is largely their interest and their support of programs such as those being carried out at Seagoville that give the inmates the courage to face their problems and the incentive to try to find the answers. Men react strongly to treatment, and when they are given the facilities to help themselves and are shown that people are interested in them and want them to make good, they will, nine times out of ten, respond in that direction.

Herbert Cox, warden of Seagoville until a year ago and now in Washington with the Federal Bureau of Prisons, sums up Seagoville's case this way: "Tough prisons cage a man like a bad dog. It's cheap that way. Tax-payers save money. But when he's released he's as much a misfit as ever and the chances are he'll be back in trouble costing the taxpayers more money for another trial and a new sentence."

"Meanwhile, Seagoville's expense runs a little heavier, creating good working conditions and healthy incentives. Prisoners are treated like men. They learn to take on some responsibilities and, in the long run, most are fit for discharge. The taxpayer doesn't have to send them back".

Is it worth it — in terms of money as well as interest — to Mr. Average Citizen. It would seem to be. It costs \$4.00 per inmate, per day, to operate Seagoville — only 45 cents above the average cost for all Federal prisons.

And that is less than half the cost of Alcatraz — the extreme in prisons which offers no pretense at rehabilitation, and which does release embittered, hateful men to prey upon society.

So, while the battle continues between exponents of the two extremes in penology, a few farsighted administrators are quietly putting to work the common sense programmes that are a good bet to be the answer Mr. Average Citizen is looking for. He would do well to encourage and support them.



THE PENAL PRESS SAYS

X- PRISONERS NEED HELP — *Agricola*

We are constantly told that many men, when discharged from a state or federal prison, promptly go back to crime. We blame the men for this, but we are at fault, too. We fail to see it that when the ex-convict comes out he gets a job.

A while ago I read an article by Bill Martin in the "K.P. Telescope" a journal published by the prisoners in the Kingston Penitentiary in Canada. Mr. Martin says that according to a report in "Probation", a survey was conducted among employers in various branches of business and industry. They were asked if they would be willing to hire an ex-convict.

Of the 475 questioned, 312 said emphatically that they would never hire a man who had been in prison.

Sixty-two were not sure what they would do. The remaining 101 said that if the ex-prisoner was qualified for the job, and if he gave every indication that he would be a law-abiding citizen, they would hire him. But they couldn't say how they would tell whether the man was qualified or whether he was going to be a good citizen.

Out of the 312 business men who said they would never hire an ex-convict, 11 said that if they ever discovered that a man working for them had been a convict, they would immediately fire him — which is certainly most discouraging.

Martin says that when a prisoner goes free and starts hunting for a job, if he trade he has learned in prison is unionized he is likely to have trouble joining the union. Some unions won't recognize as of any value the education the man has given in prison, and hence this training may prove useless to him.

Who can blame him then, if he goes back to crime — the only business he knows and the only business that will employ him?

Another difficulty that Mr. Martin points out is that many prisoners, for while after getting out of jail, are in somewhat of a mental fog, and during this time, it would be very difficult or impossible for them to work eight hours a day.

The man may be much upset, also, because when he calls on his family and his old friends he finds they are ashamed of him, and embarrassed to have him around. Naturally, this rejection drives him back to his pals in the underworld.

by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez

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U.S. PRISON REHABILITATION SET-UP BLASTED *via The Reflector*

Dr. Alfred C. Schnur, school of Police Administration and Public Safety, Indianapolis, Ind., reported at a recent meeting of the American Assn. for the advancement of science in McAlester, Okla., that, "... the average state and federal prisoner has only 30 hours of his term devoted to making him a better citizen on his return to society.

"In state and federal prisons and reformatories, 26,938 persons are employed on every six inmates, and the vast majority are hired just to keep inmates in prison. If the prison social workers distributed their time evenly each inmate could secure but four minutes toward self-improvements," he said.

"It should come as no surprise", Dr. Schnur commented, "that so many return to crime. Such rehabilitation that does occur must be largely the consequence of a prisoner's do-it-yourself project."

"SEVERITY OF PUNISHMENT NEVER CURED A CRIMINAL"—Warden *via The Reflector*

History has proved that severity of punishment never solved the problem of crime nor cured the nature of the criminal. Thus spoke Warden William Banmiller of the Eastern State Penitentiary at Pittsburgh before the 17th annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Prison Society.

Warden Banmiller deplored society's "misunderstanding and misconception of the prison." "On all sides," he said, "we hear the cry that the increase in crime is due to our soft attitude toward the criminal."

We must rid ourselves of the obsession that the criminal's guilt, found or acknowledged, absolves us and absolves society from the responsibility for positive, regenerative treatment for him. Such a course will require education, not only of the public generally, but also of the Bar, the Bench, and the Press.

Casting a man into prison, Warden Banmiller continued is "at the most simple answer to rid society of a troublesome person. However society must realize that most of these people (95 percent) will eventually be released.

The way inmates are handled in prison determines their attitudes and preparation to resume their place in a free society," Banmiller concluded.

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NEW CONCEPTS IN PRISON REFORM IN CONNECTICUT

via Eastern Echo

Plans to construct a new campus style prison at Enfield, Conn. have passed the state's legislative body. The new institution is expected to be completed by early 1960.

Facilities at the prison will include all the latest developments in modern prison administration.

There will be no cells or bars and all guards will have the title of "custodian".

Policy at the new prison will stress education and rehabilitation.

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IN MEXICO:

How backward is Mexico? A new prison in Mexico is now under construction, a prison without bars or locks, called by its architect: "A Factory of New Men." Inmates will live in dormitories, and learn trades in modern work shops.

Mexican penologists have proven "prisoners don't have to be penned up in cells."

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IT COULD WORK HERE. . . *via The Spectator*

The new sentencing act passed in Washington in August, was brought into use in Federal Court in Omaha for the first time last week by Judge Richard E. Robinson.

Sentenced under the act was a 35-year-old man from Ashtabula, O., who pleaded guilty to transporting a stolen car from Cleveland, O., to Denver Colo.

Judge Robinson imposed the maximum sentence of five years. Under the new act here is what will happen:

The man will be sent to a Federal institution for from three to six months. There he will be examined and studied. A report of the study will then be sent to the Judge along with the recommendation from the director of the Bureau of Prisons. The Judge will then either affirm his sentence, reduce it or place the man on probation.

Our Readers Write

THE LAST WORD

Dear Boys,

I have received two copies of the "Diamond". I enjoy reading it very much. I think you boys are doing a wonderful work in showing us on the outside a look at the inside.

To express my true feelings would be rather lengthy, so may I join your many other readers in saying. "Keep up the good work" and may "God bless you one and all".

Sincerely,
Mrs. Emily Parker,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

(Ed: Thank you Mrs. Parker. Your kind words and thoughts are appreciated and we hope that you will find every issue interesting throughout the coming year.)

Dear Sirs:

I am not sure when my subscription is due but I am enclosing \$1.00. Please up-date my subscription from when renewal is due.

Your November issue is excellent—the best yet.

Very truly yours,
S. R. Laycock,
Saskatoon, Sask.

(Ed: Thank you Mr. Laycock. we have renewed your subscription as per your request. Your expiration date has been written on your receipt and forwarded to you with your copy of the Diamond.)

In future, you will find a renewal slip accompanying your Diamond at the time of expiration.)

Dear Sir:

I wish to become a subscriber to the "C.B. Diamond", and would appreciate it if you would send me a copy of the

current issue along with the annual subscription rate.

Sincerely yours,
Eric Bowie,
Toronto, Ont.

(Ed: We were very pleased to hear from you Mr. Bowie. We are sending an application form as well as copies of the Diamond for December and for January, in hoping they meet with your approval.)

Staff:

Hope you liked the column we gave you in our November-December issue. It was enjoyed by our readers and I hope it brings you a subscription or two.

Hope you'll be out soon.

D. Hatton,
Abitibi Power and Paper
Company Limited
Abitibi Sales Company Ltd.

(Ed: We appreciate the excellent public relations work you are doing by giving us a column in your excellent magazine the "Abitibi". We are always looking for new subscribers and I am sure the column in your magazine will help to create the public's interest.)

On behalf of the Diamond staff and myself, I would like to say THANK YOU.)

Dear Boys:

Enclosed find order for another year for a nice magazine. I have visited the Joyceville Prison grounds often and it seems to me to be a happy place for them to wander about and enjoy a little life, and also work.

Good luck.

Yours,
Mrs. Fred Harris,
Ottawa, Ontario.

(Ed: Thank you for your subscription to the Diamond for another year. We of the Diamond staff are always glad to hear from our subscribers and we sincerely hope you have much enjoyment reading our magazine in the future.

Thank you again for your many kind words.)

Staff:

Quote from son Duane's last letter from Alberta. "I received a C. B. Diamond this week. In the past my interest has not been very keen concerning the Diamond, but I see it differently now. Something definitely can be said about the magazine and the public relations work it is doing."

"I like *Did You Know* in the November issue, or anything that gives general information."

"I liked *What Would You Say?* I liked answer one the best, last two sentences of answer eight the least."

Mrs. E. Duff

(Ed: Thank you Mrs. Duff. We are always glad to hear from our regular customers. Duane's kind words have really boosted the morale of the staff. We like to hear of our subscribers likes and dislikes, in that way we are able to better the magazine.)

Dear Editor:

Thank you so much for printing my editorial and for sending me such a good supply of Diamonds. I am sending them to persons whom I hope to interest in working for the penal press.

Your December issue is unusually fine. Mr. Kirkpatrick's . . . "Their Second Punishment" is a document of feeling and understanding. I have read it three times, and hope to read it many

more times.

I like very much the "Quotes From The Daily Press", Winning friendship of Austin Cross will be a real help to you.

Francis Dean, of Kevstone, says that as a result of Jim Bishop's syndicated column, in which he mentioned Kevstone and its editors, they have had an avalanche of mail and subscriptions.

It seems natural that the penal press and the outside press should be close to each other, and work together. I am hoping there will be a closer tie the following year.

I believe that 1959 will bring more gains for prisoners, and for you and the people at Collin's Bay. I am wishing a better year than you ever had before.

Thank you for your kindness and friendship.

Dorothy Scheer

(Ed: Thanks for the lovely letter Dorothy. We are always glad to hear from the "QUEEN OF THE PENAL PRESS". In reference to your editorial, in the December issue, we felt honored in being able to publish it. We wish more people on the outside would take the interest that you have in the penal press. We feel that when the people on the outside submit articles for publication they are taking a sincere interest in the welfare and rehabilitation of prisoners, not to mention the great help it is in the publication of a penal press magazine that we are always trying to better.

Again we say "THANK YOU", and if at any time, in the future, you have any articles you would like to submit to the Diamond, please feel free to do so, as they are always welcome.

We would also like to extend this invitation to all members of society.)



"I will not criticize my neighbor until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

An old Indian proverb, via *The Little Nutmeg*.